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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GRAVES.

I love to gaze, when night is high,
Where you are sleeping, with soft sigh,
Sweetest of the grave—your grave—
Sweetest of the grave—your grave.

So, thou, my gentle rising soul,
Mid those proud tombs in yonder vale,
Where weeping without mournful note,
As signs along the requiem gate.

That modest turf points out the spot
Where rest the last remains of one,
Whose days passed on without a blot—
Admired by all, envied by none.

Her grave, neat emblem of her worth,
Looks mild and unassuming true,
Yet see, how beautiful the earth
Is garnished with morning's dew.

Thus shone her soul, with drops of love,
To soothe the wretched sinner's breast,
And point his thoughts to realms above,
Where her bright spirit now doth rest.

Mark now, you lofty gorgeous pile,
Not distant far from virtue's grave—
There, sleeps a lord of Britain's isle,
Whom wealth nor palaces could save.

See the proud edifice wrought in gold,
The glittering of his titled birth,
The deeds his history unfolds—
Then, look upon you humble earth.

And tell me—wouldst thou rather be
Enshrouded within princely tomb,
Or, have you so thy canopy?
Thy sepulchre the earth's cold womb?

FREDERICK.

STANZAS.

Oh, no! I'll not repeat again,
The wail, the melancholy strain;
For even now, I see a tear
Upon thy beautiful cheek appear.

No, no! I love no
My song of woe,
No more shall meet thy gentle ear,
Be hushed my harp, I cease to play.

In time's lone waste now slumbering lies;
Yet meet I own thy pensive sigh,
Could lighten many a cheerless hour,
But that is past.

No charm thou hast,
Thy woe-steps I should touch no more!
ELLEN.

On Mount St. Mary's Seminary.

There are scenes in our pilgrimage flowery and bright,
And shaded from sorrow and smooth'd from despair.

They are lovely as beacons that burst thro' the night,
And warn the child of seaman a shelter is there!

Thou flit'st the path that to-morrow we tread,
We remember the turf that was wash'd by the fountain.

And thou, stormy dark and dreary hang over my head,
Thou delight'st to think on the shades of the mountain.

Thou'lt tell the luxury nature bestows,
On the hills where Niagara rolls his rough tide,
If the tulip be near shall we turn from the rose,
If to her are the fruits of the rainbow denied?

St. Mary's! Thy name is as dear to the heart,
As the roses that wave o'er the chrysalis fountain.

Unhush'd their fragrance and bloom shall depart,
Ere I cease to remember the shades of the mountain.

It was not the incense that breath'd thro' the grove,
Nor the emerald circle of mountains around,
'Twas not the pavilion of sunbeams alone,
Nor the beams that thy summit of glory surround.

It was not the hill that I loved o'er the plain,
Nor the pure angel streamlet that purled from the fountain.

No! Home of my heart—'twas a shadowy chain
Of friendship's delights in the shades of the mountain.

JERUSALEM.

STANZAS.

Nay, Helen! 'Tis in vain to try,
I cannot paint thee store ere I,
Yet when I say thy angel look,
With trembling hand my brush I took;

Even then it beam'd so dazzling bright,
Like diamond sparkling in the light;
I felt it was in vain to try,
I cannot, Helen, paint thee eye.

And, lovely girl thy blushing cheek
In nature's school was taught to speak;
I know I cannot paint thy eyes,
For while I look the color flies;

And dip my brush in liquid gold—
I turn, a brighter tint is glowing—
A livelier, whiter, rarer glow—
Here too, alas, I must despair,

I cannot paint thy flowing hair,
The attempt is vain, and I forbear
To draw thy wily flowing hair,
Alas! I catch a winking tear;

And dip my brush in liquid gold—
I turn, a brighter tint is glowing—
A livelier, whiter, rarer glow—
Here too, alas, I must despair,

I cannot paint thy flowing hair,
The attempt is vain, and I forbear
To draw thy wily flowing hair,
Alas! I catch a winking tear;

The gentle air that fan the trees,
The odours wafted on the breeze;
The sparkling of the diamond rays;
The mildness of the Moon's chaste rays;
The tints that deck the western skies,
Just as the summer twilight dies—
We never can paint—then, then, be true,
Thou cannot have thy miniature. LILL.

Lines to a Lady Weeping.

Oh! Maiden braid thy flowing tresses,
And wipe away that rolling tear,
Those graceful form'd for joy's caresses,
The veil of grief should never wear.

Far meet on a cheek so blooming,
Is seen the transport kindling smile,
The native loveliness illuming,
That never knew an art or wile.

Thy bosom, too, so wildly heaving,
Was meant alone for pleasure's throbs;
Then, lovely maiden, cease thy grieving,
And drive away those bitter sob.

Yet, stay! methinks the mien of sorrow,
Grows fairer as I longer gaze;
Ah! yes, its sombre colors borrow
The brighter tints 'neath beauty's rays.

As, when at calm and placid even,
Darkness and light together blend,
And to the cloudless western heaven,
The twilight's pensive sweetness lend.

Beauty in tears! 'tis like the sadness
Of music floating in the air,
Or dew-drops sparkling in the radiance
Of moon, fresh starting from its hair.

Sweetly the magic power of sadness,
Holds o'er the heart its wild control;
But oh! there is a charm in sadness,
Which breathes a rapture to the soul!

—HARRIS.

THE FLIGHT OF FANCY.

On a rainy evening I mused, and
And to a woman's broken tale.

Sitting one afternoon in a large well-known
building in Philadelphia, arrayed in a dress
resembling that called a morning gown at
the present day, I mused, and I mused, and I mused.

I had a dream the night previous, which
impressed my mind with considerable un-
pleasantness, respecting the beautiful and accomplished

Amanda Edelfield, whose consent in mar-
riage I had solicited and gained, but who was
then addressed by several gentlemen of talents

and respectability, in the city. Harassed
by unpleasant reflections on my dream, and
the idea which they inculcated, that one

of my rivals would alienate her affections
from me, I arose from my velvet seat, and
whispering my silk morning gown around me,

I repaired to her dwelling, to ease my heart
of the burden which I then felt annoy every
pleasure of anticipation which I had before

enjoyed. When I reached the mansion of
the fair Amanda, and rang the bell, the light
footed nymph flew to the door, as though she

anticipated my visit, but as soon as her glance
caught that of my own eye, I saw a change in
her countenance, and a deep blush crimson

her lovely cheek. She bowed politely, and
invited me in, with all that winning grace-
fulness which had before captivated my heart.

But there was something which seemed to
whisper that all was not well. Mrs. Edelfield,
the mother of Amanda, advanced and gave

me a hearty welcome by the hand; but good
heavens, what was my astonishment on enter-
ing the parlour, to find young Williamson,

the former favorite of Amanda, who was sup-
posed to have been drowned a year previous
at New Orleans, calmly seated at the table.

Longer could I not describe my feelings
when I beheld a prior claim to my fair
angel's affections, whom I loved dearer than

even life itself. Gentle reader, imagine my
pangs of discontent, for she was far as the
blooming daughters of Circassia, whose skin

is like the polished ivory, and whose cheeks
exceed the roses of Tagna. Amanda could not
utter a single word, while I gazed upon her

beautiful form with a vacant stare, and Wil-
liamson, as though he was conscious of our mutual
lives, arose and left the room. But a

moment had he departed when I again glanced
at Amanda, and I could not help remarking
upon her damask cheek. The anguish of my

soul cannot be imagined, for that solitary tear
spoke more than volumes invented by words.
A deep sigh broke from her bosom as I at-
tempted to speak, and she turned from me

and concealed her face from my view. After
moments of anxious suspense had elapsed,
I ventured to break the deep silence which

reigned around us, and requested her presence to
accompany me to the romantic banks of the
Schuylkill. She arose without speaking a

word, as though she was charmed with an op-
portunity of relating to me my fate. After
a long and arduous journey, which fell in

grateful negligence over the alabaster skin
of a neck smooth as marble, and placing her
bat and veil on with great neatness, she

moved out through a long passage, as I fell
behind and gazed with rapture not to be de-
scribed upon that angelic form, which, alas!

"Oh, speak not thus cruel," said Amanda,
"and wound not my tender sensibility by de-
scribing your wretchedness and despair!—
You may yet be happy in the arms of another,
more fair and more dear than the wretched
Amanda, whose life seems but one tissue of
sorrow and woe." Never, never, said I, al-
most distracted, can another equally fair, and

equally entering, be found upon the habita-
ble globe, upon whom I could lavish my
praises, and caress with fondness, like the fair,
though cruel Amanda. No, thou fairest of
Nature's works, my heart will still cling to
thine until death shall separate them by the

cold hand of insensibility.
The empress of night had now arisen above
the eastern hills, gilding with silver rays the

peaceful waters of the Schuylkill, and illumi-
nating the opposite banks with such a profu-
sion of sober light that the scene almost re-
sembled primeval Eden. The beautiful

Amanda had reclined her head upon her hand,
and appeared lost in the vortex of the de-
pressing reflection. She wept! Grasping sud-
denly my hand, she exclaimed—"Can I then be

deceived to another? My heart is bound to
thee by all the tender ties of love and affec-
tion, and my bosom revolts at the idea of a

separation. Let us return to the city and live
for each other, and should fate tear you from
me, before the day of our union arrives, may

the sun, when he shines upon your grave,
glimmer at the same time upon mine. I am
yours forever!" As Amanda uttered these

words, a torrent of tears found its way down
her fair cheek, and the wild expression of de-
spair seemed to settle down to a melancholy

apathy. Her bosom throbbed with sensations
unknown but to herself, and the contenting
emotions of love and duty were visible to the

mental eye.
We arose and left the delightful scene, not
without some regret, and pursued our path

back over the moonlight hills, to the city.—
Just as we arrived at the steps of the building,
where the beautiful Amanda resided, Wil-
liamson, with a graceful bow, approached and

entered. I bade the enchanting fair one adieu,
with the promise that she would be-
come mine, and departed. Scarce had the short

space of a week elapsed, when a note was
presented by a servant in haste, which I opened
and read as follows:—"You are requested to

attend the last moments of Miss Amanda
Edelfield, who was suddenly taken ill this
morning, and it is supposed that she will not

survive an hour." Good Heavens! said I, in-
voluntarily, not survive an hour! Oh, cruel
fate, how canst thou sport with my calamity,

when a few days were to have given the lov-
ely angel to my arms! I hurried down the
street with all possible speed, and entered

without knocking; but, oh! shocking to re-
late, I beheld the dearest object on earth in
all the agonies of death! When I approached

the bedside, with streaming eyes, she attempt-
ed to speak, but alas! she had lost the power
of utterance. The shadow of death was

fast closing round her lovely eyes, and the
blush of the rose on her cheek was succeed-
ed by the pale coloring of the lily. She

raised her trembling hand to extend it towards
me, but it fell motionless on her dressing
bosom. Tears gushed forth from every eye

that beheld the spectacle, and my widowed
heart seemed ready to burst with agony and
distraction. The flood-gates of human nature

were thrown open, that the full tide of grief
might sweep its course, and triumph upon the
ruins of a broken heart. Oh! said I, in the

anguish of soul, as I saw the cold drops of
death standing upon her lovely brow, better
far that I had died yesterday, than had I been

snatched from this heart rending scene! But
one more gaze, and the joy of my heart will
have fled! I gazed again, and her dying

glance met mine. "Farewell!" she whis-
pered, in a feeble accent, as her eyes were clos-
ing up forever, and as I sprang forward to

grasp her dying hand, I laid hold on that of
a specter, which was suspended from the wall
by the dissection of the wall, and had well

pushed a dead body from the table at my el-
bow; when arising from my reverie, I found
myself still sitting with my dissection apron

on, in the University, in Ninth street, sur-
rounded by dead bodies and Virginia students.
Such is the flight of fancy!

MILFORD BARD.

THE GENIUS OF THE HARP.

My friend, of spiritual culture, weak the earth,
Unconscious, but when we wake and when we sleep.

The dusky shadows of the evening twilight
had begun to gather over the apartment where
I was sitting, or rather carelessly reclining on

the sofa, solitary, and apparently absorbed in
meditation, although it secretly could be seen
that I thought of all, at least my ideas pursued

no direct current, but wandered, and were varied
at the will of a capricious imagination, a med-
ley of wild and morbid fancies. Many and

various were the forms I had pictured on the
embers that were glowing before me, and many
and various were the airy fabrics of my fan-
cies, that like them had fallen into ashes and

nothingness, till at length the lines that I have
before quoted crossed my imagination.

Again, and again, they presented themselves
before me, till I involuntarily repeated them
aloud. Are we indeed surrounded by invisible

guardians, thought I, to whom we are in-
debted for the formation of our minds, and the
protection from the many casualties that sur-
round us? But who then are these protecting

spirits? Are they angels, are they the spirits
of our departed friends, or are they Genii who
are commissioned to execute the task?

Are their particular duties assigned them,
or is one appointed to the peculiar charge of
each mortal? "Whenever thou art," I ex-
claimed, "that hast the control of my actions

I adjure thee to appear before me." Then
saw I the pen with which I had been writing,
and which was lying beside me, I eagerly

scrawled the following incantation—
By Apollo's heavenly Lyre,
By his chords of living fire,
By the Muse's verdant foot,
By Castalia's hallowed fount,

I charge thee to appear!
Genius! thou that lov'st best of me,
Spreading life and love before me,
I summon thee here!

By the earliest beam that breaks,
When the harp of Memnon wakes,
From the clods of fleecy gold,
On the vault of heaven's cold

Spirit of air!
Genius! whose'er thou art,
Thou that rulest in my heart,
Hither repair!

I had scarcely repeated these lines when my
attention was arrested by an extraordinary ap-
pearance, though light and low strain of melody,
and starting from my recumbent posture, I beheld

standing before me, a beautiful female figure,
leaning on a harp, from which had probably
proceeded the harmony that had awakened
my attention.

"My first impulse was to fly from the ap-
pearance, but amazement and terror had bereft
me of my faculties, and I sunk back prostrated
on the seat from whence I had risen, while my

eyes, and by some powerful charm, were riveted
on the being before me.

A benignant smile played round her fea-
tures as extending her hand towards me, she
said—"Art thou so terrified at the appearance
of what even it was thy wish to behold? By

the Harp of Apollo thou hast conjured me,
and I stand before thee. Be not alarmed,"
she continued, "not mine is the wish to injure
thee.—What wouldst thou of thy Genius?"

"Art thou my Guardian Genius, as being?"
said I, when the sweetness of her manner had
dispelled my apprehensions, "pardon me then
that thy unexpected compliance with my re-

quest should have given rise to my ill-grounded
fears."

"Pardon is unnecessary where offence has
not been received," replied the Genius; "but
the canst thou expect the character of thy Geni-
us, to be the province of the mind and the

imagination.—Poetry and music are mine—
by them thou hast invoked thy genius, and I
have appeared. Although unseen thou hast
long acknowledged my influence with pleasure,
and therefore I have unveiled myself be-
fore thee."

Again she lightly swept the chords of her
harp, and I listened entranced to its exquisite
melody. She ceased, and viewing me with a
smile of complacency, she again addressed me.

"Are these strains wholly unknown to
thee?" said she, "or hast thou before experi-
enced those feelings?"

"I have never before beheld thee, beauti-
ful Genius," I replied, "but certainly these
feelings are not strange to me—the strains of
poetry, and of melody such as thine, ever ex-

cite a swell of indescribable emotions in my
bosom."

"It is true," returned the Genius, "that
thou hast never before beheld me, neither has
the voice of my harp before floated on thy ear,
and yet that emotion thou hast mentioned

was produced by its influence. But its music
was to thy soul—thou shalt now be thine,
and when thou wouldst that the spirit of po-
etry shall descend upon thee, strike its chords
and thy wish shall be gratified."

"Ten thousand thanks be due to thy inestima-
ble gift, fair spirit," said I, "thou hast indeed be-
stowed a valuable gift upon me!"

"It is one to which I am happy to see thou
art not ungrateful. Thou art passionately
enthusiastic, fond of poetry, and although
thou mayest not possess the critic's colder

judgment, the gush of blood around thy heart
will point out to thee where lies the brightest
gem, in whatever form it may appear before
thee, and thou shalt not be deceived."

"Thou art not mistaken," she said, "but
pass unnoticed. Forget not thy harp, and
she, 'it will prove a source of unending
pleasure to thee; it will serve to sweeten
many a bitter draught it may be thy lot to
taste in the world that is spread before thee,
and to brighten many an otherwise weary
hour. I know that thou delightest in wild
visions of imagination, yet imagine not too
much in these bright visions of fancy, lest
dazzled by the splendor of thy ideal world
the realities of life appear dull and shapeless
before thee, and thou shalt view them with
disgust. I knew a youth, just entering into
manhood, and into a world which he painted in
the brightest colours of a glowing, but inexpe-

rienced imagination, full of buoyant hopes of
fame and happiness; but the cold spirit of the
world denied a soul congenial to his own, and
crushed the first budlings of his genius—dis-

appointed in his first formed hopes of immor-
tality and friendship, the fire of his spirit
prosel upon his life strings, and now the cold
and is resting on his bosom. Peace be with
the ashes of a child of song! the chords of his
harp are broken, and the wreath that bound
it lies withering on his grave!—But I have
given thee a sombre picture of the world, but
thou art in a gayer tone, 'I would not im-

press thee with a gloomy idea of life, though
I would warn thee not to expect undivided
happiness."

"Surely," said I, "the heart that is blest
in the affection of those that are dearest to it,
cannot be wholly wretched, the pains of life
must be at least balanced by its pleasures."

"It is true," she replied, "there are many
pleasures to balance the unhappiness of life,
I would only caution thee not to hope for per-
fection in anything that is mortal. I leave thee
for this moment, but in a short period will again
visit thee. Adieu!" she said, and she disap-
peared, and I was again left to solitary med-
itation.

EMILY.

THE MORALIST.

HOW OLD IS GOD?

Eliza, who was playing with the curls of her
grandfather's grey hair, suddenly exclaimed,
"Grandfather, you must be very old! I sup-
pose you have lived a long time."

"Yes, dear Eliza," replied the old man, "I am
very old. I have seen the almost true blossoms
seventy-five times."

"Seventy-five times?" said Eliza, "is it possible? But how old
is God? Is he older than you?"

"My dear child," he answered, "God is not a
thing which I can be composed of days and
years; he does not grow old as we do; we die
four years run on his always the same, and he
never changes. Before the high mountains
were formed—before the earth, the sea, the
sun, and all the beings which surround us
existed, God was. And having created all
things he must have been before all things;
and although a great number of years have
passed since that world was formed, God was
even before that time—it is indeed impossi-
ble to conceive a moment when he did not exist.
Nor will there ever be a time when God shall
cease to exist. All that you see will pass away,
and come to an end; after a certain number
of years this world will be destroyed, and
the earth, the sun, the moon, and all the
creatures which inhabit it, will cease to be
of its existence. The animals do not live al-
ways, a time comes when they cease to be;
and it is not the same with you—Have you
not seen some of your acquaintance die?—
There is a moment, my dear child, and not
far distant, when I shall be taken away, and
cease to live on earth.—But God remains for-
ever, and his years have no end; therefore
never say again, that God is old, for he always
was and always will be—God is Eternal."

SLANDELL—AN EXTRACT.

"Of all slanders, that which is aimed at the
destruction of the spotless reputation of a
defenceless female, is incontrovertibly the
most execrable, hateful, infamous, and un-
natural." He who could wilfully attack the pure
vestal with the foul, contaminating breath of
slander, can be animated with nothing less

than the spirit of a demon of the darkest cast.
They are the silken cords which attach us to
life, their society alone renders this world tol-
erable. Deprive us of that, and the world
becomes a barren, a dark, dreary waste, and
every excitement to deeds of valor, of honor,
and of chivalry, become extinguished at once;
and we wander about in the dark, without any
guide or leading principles. Where, then,
would be our statesmen, our warriors, and in-
deed, even society? Sunk—sunk, sunk, into
a state of inaction and primal chaos! The
fair have a natural claim upon us for protec-

tion; they confidently expect it from us; they
should not be disappointed! Go with the shan-
dered female to her closet, see her defaming
vipers; view her agony in secret; see her
wring her hands and tear her locks with the
frenzy of a despairing victim; observe the
large tears of anguish quickly coursing each
other down her emaciated cheeks, while her
eyes are cast up in agony inexpressible, call-

ing upon her God for that protection which
she vainly expects to receive from her fellow
creatures. Pale as monumental marble, frantic
and almost breathless, utter her complaints
with the convulsive shudder of a broken heart;
she wastes away amid the dark horrors of de-
spair. I say, view these things, and if you
have the least particle of humanity in your
disposition, I would emphatically say to you
in the words of a celebrated author, Go mend!
Go mend!

THE SERPENT OF RHODES.

In the fourteenth century, an amphibious
animal, a sort of serpent or crocodile, caused
much disorder in the island of Rhodes by its
depredations, and several inhabitants fell
victims to its rapacity. The retreat of this
animal was in a cavern, situated near a monas-

tery at the foot of Mount St. Etienne, two miles
from Rhodes. It often came out to seek its
prey, and devoured sheep, cows, horses, and
even the shepherds who watched over the
flock. Many of the knights of St. John of Je-

rusalem had essayed to destroy this monster;
but they never returned. This induced Phoe-




bus Nellenave, the Grand Master of Malta,
to forbid all the knights, on pain of being de-
prived of their habit, from attacking it, or at-
tempting any further enterprise which ap-
peared to be above human powers. All the
knights obeyed the mandate of the Grand Mas-

ter, except Dyonisius de Gozon, a native of
Provence, who, notwithstanding the prohibi-
tion, and without being deterred by the fear
of his brethren, secretly formed the design of
fighting this savage beast, bravely resolv-

ing to deliver the island of Rhodes from such
a calamity, or to perish in the attempt. Hav-

ing learned that the

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